

❖ QUEEN'S • COLLEGE • JOURNAL. ❖

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❖ Queen's College Journal ❖

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dressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston,
Ont.

All communications of a business nature
should be addressed to the Business Manager.

WE are trying to make up two complete
sets of THE JOURNAL from its starting
in 1873, in order to present them to the library.
We have from Vol. ix on, but our file of the
first eight volumes is only a single one and in-
complete at that. Anyone who has these
(1873-80) or any part of them would confer a
great favour on us and on the library by send-
ing them to THE JOURNAL, Box 1104, Kingston.
They would be of greater value to the College
than many more expensive gifts, for without
them many interesting reports of old meetings,
etc., must be lost.

* * *

A novel and not uninteresting feature has of
late become prominent in our College life. We
refer to the stated meetings of the various
years. These meetings occurring at regular
intervals have a tendency to foster stronger
and deeper class spirit, and afford ample op-
portunity for the members of a year to become
better acquainted. With these objects the
custom has received a ready welcome from
nearly all the students, and the hour spent in
singing College glees and songs, in readings,
discussions and debates, is looked forward to
from month to month, and will doubtless be
remembered after College days are done as
one of the most pleasant features of a some-
what monotonous life.

Agreeable, instructive and interesting as
these meetings are, there is yet a danger that
they may become so frequent as to defeat
their purpose. This seems to be the tendency
in some of the years. When the meetings re-
cur at too short intervals, the programme is
apt to be slighted and the attendance is apt
to dwindle down. To avoid these dangers, let
us guard against overdoing a really good thing,
and make sure of successful meetings by ex-
ercising more care in preparation, and by hold-
ing them at intervals of sufficient length to
render them more of a treat to all.

* * *

UNIVERSITY CELEBRATIONS.

The great Universities of Europe have taken
to holding high festivals in honour of their natal
days, just as Chicago proposes to celebrate
the 400th anniversary of the discovery of
America by Columbus, and—we may modestly
add—just as Queen's celebrated its Jubilee.
Edinburgh, a few years ago, invited Queen's to
join in commemorating its Ter-Centenary, and
the Chancellor was appointed to convey greet-
ings to a sister that may be considered rather
a mother, inasmuch as by Royal Charter we
are on the model of Edinburgh. When
Bologna—the mother of all European Univer-
sities—invited the Senate to join in celebrating
its eight hundred years of intellectual life, it
was a matter of regret that no member of the
Senate could go to take part in the proceed-
ings. Trinity College, Dublin, has recently
announced its intention to hold a Ter-Centen-
ary Festival next July, and has invited Queen's
to assist. Prof. Marshall has been appointed
to represent Queen's on the occasion, and no
doubt he will be there. The following is a
copy of the invitation that the Senate received:

UNIVERSITAS DUBLINENSIS.

Universitati Kingstonensi.

S. P. D.

Tribus iustis saeculis iam feliciter peractis,
postquam hoc Collegium Sacrosanctae et In-
dividuae Trinitatis iuxta Dublinum a regina
Elizabetha conditum est, occasionem tam

laetam festo ritu celebrare constituimus, atque Universitates orbis terrarum nobilissimas in partem gaudii nostri vocare. Idcirco vos, quos longis maris et viarum spatii divisos vinculum tamen studiorum communium nobis arcte adnectit, pro humanitate vestra impense rogamus ut aliquem doctum virum ex vestro illustri coetu adlegitis, quem hospitio libenter accipiamus per dies festos quos indiximus in quintum usque ad octavum Julii, MDCCCXCII : oramusque ut certiores nos faciatis quem adlegaveritis.

Dahamus Dublini, die 7mo Novembris, MDCCCXCII.

Scribendo adfuerunt,

Rossii,

Cancellarius Universitatis Dublinensis.

GEORGIUS SALMON,

Præpositus Collegii, SS. Trinitatis Dublinensis



CANADIAN AND AMERICAN.

Whether there is room on this continent for two English-speaking nations or for one, is the great question. Certainly if there is to be a Canadian nation, there must be a Canadian literature, art, life, type of thought, as well as a distinct political constitution. So far, French Canadian literature is both more abundant, more distinctive and more excellent than that which English Canada has produced, though we in Ontario may be little acquainted with even the names of Quebec poets, historians and litterateurs. One great reason why the work that English-speaking Canadians do is overlooked is the fact that Brother Jonathan takes care to dub it American whenever it attains a high standard of excellence. Just as Hanlan was always called an American as long as he was the first oarsman in the world, but at once became Canadian when the Australians vanquished him, so Sarah Jeannette Duncan and other writers are invariably styled Americans. The author of "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London" is of course Canadian by birth, education and literary training, with the exception of that which she received while a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Post*.

Another reason is to be found in the fact that—since the demise of the *Canadian Monthly* we have no good magazine. The news that the *Dominion Illustrated* is to be changed into a monthly magazine something like the *Cosmopolitan* in make up, but confined almost

exclusively to Canadian writers and topics, will therefore be welcomed by all our literary aspirants. Articles accepted will be paid for instead of begged for, as is the way with the feeble weeklies and monthlies of various kinds that we now have. In this connection a tribute should be paid to *Canada*, a monthly journal of religion, patriotism, science and literature, the success of which is entirely due to the self-sacrificing spirit of its editor, Matthew Ritchie Knight, of Benton, N.B. All who intend to be Canadians, as distinct from Americans, should take one or other of these monthlies.

LITERATURE.

It is a melancholy but indisputable fact that the part of a College Journal which is least read is that pertaining to Literature. In *College Magazines*, of course, the case is different, but in Journals the order of interest seems to be: De Nobis and College News, Correspondence, Editorials, and lastly, Literature. In order to try and partially put a stop to this, we are going to make a change in our Literary Department. The Poetry will remain as before, but the long essays will, for the most part, give place to short notes on such literary topics as may from time to time arise.



Within the last two years we have had quite a revival of the historical novel—a branch of English Literature which had seemed as hopelessly dead as the Drama. The best which has yet appeared is "The White Company," by Conan Doyle, who headed the revival two years ago with "Micah Clarke." As compared with those of the previous generation, it is inferior to *Ivanhoe*, with which it somewhat too directly challenges comparison, but equal to the *Talisman* and much ahead of anything of James Grant, Harrison Ainsworth, and the rest of the school which Scott's success produced. The description of the tournament on the banks of the Garonne falls decidedly behind that at Ashby de la Zouche, but that of the fight between the yellow cog and the pirate galleys, of how Du Guesclin, Sir Nigel, and the two bowmen held the Castle of Villegranche against the brushmen, above all, of the last

grand fight of the White Company, are not unworthy of comparison with the best of Sir Walter's. Its chief defect is that the author has been too prodigal of his knowledge of the time, and has thus over-crowded his stage. The White Company contains almost enough material for two novels. But time will put a stop to this lavish display, and Mr. Conan Doyle will soon learn not to squander his resources. Every student with a taste for literature should read it, even though it be not as yet perscribed in the Calendar.

C. F. H's article on "New Forms of Verse," in numbers six and seven, is very good indeed, and Queen's students will now be able to give Professor Cappon pointers on this as on most other subjects. The only one of the new forms which I do not like is the Triolet, which, though occasionally charming, seems to be almost always incurably stilted and artificial. In his list of selections I could wish that C. F. had included Andrew Lang, the first and greatest of the new school, "Sleep," or (if C. F. considers pessimism an advantage) "A Ballade of Blind Love," are far superior to "Ashes and Dust in the Place of a Heart."

By a somewhat curious connection of thought, Andrew Lang calls up the Reading Room. Much has been written of late disparaging it, and doubtless there are defects in its management which should be seen to, but nevertheless every student with the faintest love for literature should make good use of it, even as it is. The one privilege of reading Andrew Lang's column, and James Payne's three, in the Illustrated News, is worth far more than what we pay for the whole thing.

Of the younger generation in the English world of letters, Andrew Lang is probably the greatest, as he is certainly the most versatile of that eminently versatile crew. An excellent Classical and Modern Language scholar, an almost perfect translator, a successful poet, essayist, critic; there is hardly anything he has not tried. His style is perhaps a trifle effeminate, and his mind is rather of a French than of an English type, thus causing him to put somewhat too high a value on the lyrics of the Pleiad, and the "Pastourelles," and rather underrate what he him-

self would probably call the excessive virility of Shakespeare and Byron. Still, anyone who wishes to learn the art of putting down his thoughts in an interesting manner, cannot do better than study Andrew Lang. Style has been too much neglected in English Literature, and the thought left to win its way alone. This, if it is worthy, it will of course do—after a time—but if the author seeks to do good in his own day and generation, he should cultivate an attractive manner.

During the last week we received the following poem, entitled, "After Mrs. Browning" (but not likely to catch up to her). We publish it chiefly because of this heading, which may afford some wearied humorist a relief from the everlasting: "After so and so (a long way)." It is also an improvement on much current poetry, for it has a meaning, a distinction to which a good deal of what is now published under the name of poetry can lay no claim. Still, we do not think that the author will succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate, and so settle that much disputed question:

Our Dyde the ever-smiling,
Who his lecs. from Ferrier takes;
All our weary hours beguiling
With the blunders that he makes.

Our Capponides the lazy,
Who is always late for class,
And has notions very hazy,
Of the men whom he lets pass.

Our MacGillivray, the sarcastic,
With his famed Mephisto smirk,
And his measures harsh and drastic,
For all such as do their work.

CONTRIBUTED.

Editor Queen's College Journal.

SIR,—I infer from an article in the last number of THE JOURNAL that the authority of the venerable "Concursus Iniquitatis" is being called in question. Surely he must be some verdent Freshman who is doing so, or some evil disposed person, who in his heart meditates wrong doing, but who happily has the wholesome terrors of the law before his eyes restraining him, or it may possibly be one of the fair lady undergraduates, although I can hardly bring myself to think so, for in my day all the sensible girls approved of the court, because

they knew right well its great importance and value in keeping those irrepressible youths in their proper place, who unhappily find their way into Colleges as into other walks of life.

Sir, I know of nothing that would cause my very blood to boil so quickly as to hear that the authority of that venerable court had been called in question, except, indeed, it be the reading of certain of Mr. Goldwin Smith's treasonable utterances. And, sir, is there not an analogy in these two cases in point, for can it be held to be less than treasonable to question the authority of an institution which has become venerable by age, and which has always been sanctioned by use and wont.

Does anyone question its utility? Sir, I could point to many distinguished men in Canada to-day, who have come under its somewhat stern yet benign influence, and who I doubt not would be the very first to acknowledge (were they appealed to) that no small share of the success which they have been able to achieve in their several spheres of active duty, has been due to the timely counsels and admonitions which they have received from the august and learned members of that court. Does any one call in question its justice? Sir, is it not a matter of history that the learned judges are wont to sit with the utmost patience, hearing evidence and listening with unwearied attention to arguments adduced by the learned counsel both pro and con? Again and again, when some poor Freshman, far from his parental home and in a thoroughly exhausted condition financially, through some act of youthful indiscretion rather than of positive moral obliquity, has found himself arraigned as a "prisoner at the bar," have not one or even more of the most learned and distinguished counsel present at once volunteered to conduct the case, and that without fee or reward. And, sir, what if said prisoner at the bar, after a fair and impartial trial, was found guilty by a jury of his peers, and the full penalty of his crime extracted from him? Yet, when he showed signs of repentance and reformation, have I not, time and again, seen his lordship, the judge, relax those stern lineaments of visage, and with learned counsel, jurors, constables, criers, and culprit, all join in enjoying themselves in some hospitable "den" over the good things furnished as the result of justice sternly meted out; while

they discussed the ways and means of securing another offender, into which discussion the former lawbreaker usually entered with the greatest eagerness?

Thus did we brethren dwell in unity—in the good days of old—and devise means to fleece one another. But he would have been voted *Asinus* who would have called in question the authority of that ever vigilant enemy of all evil-doers, that impartial dispenser of justice, and that great bulwark of virtue—the court.

OLD BOY.

I attended the Communion service held in St. Andrew's Church last Sunday, and I was somewhat astonished at what I found there. What has become of the old Scotch custom of fencing the tables, that dreadful ceremony by which all those who would partake of the elements with unrepented sin on their souls were warned that by so doing they but added to their damnation, that they committed "the sin against the Holy Ghost," and incurred the fate of the apostate Iscariot? Not those were warned who had sinned and repented, and had come to find relief, but those who were taking the Sacrament that they might seem saved, yet in their hearts were "full of envy, deceit, murder, backbiters, extortioners;" to these was shown in solemn tones the awful and unpardonable sin they were committing. Where has this dread rite gone?

Another thing that greatly shocked me was the youth of some of the communicants. This is not such a rite as baptism, whereby the parents consecrate their child to God, and vow to train it up in His fear, but the most solemn Sacrament of the Christian Church, a Holy Communion between the human and the divine, the full meaning of which no child can understand. Anyone who takes the Communion has indeed to satisfy the minister of his fitness, but the questions asked are such as any precocious child with a glib tongue can answer.

Why, too, is the bread cut into small pieces, one for each communicant? Was not the breaking of the bread more symbolic, more true to Scripture, more reverent in every way? Wherein lies the difference between the present mode and the Roman Catholic wafer—which all Presbyterians disclaim and call a farce—save that in one case the congregation

helps itself and in the other has it given them by a priest? The elders still break the bread of which they themselves partake, though why they should be allowed to do so, and not the congregation, is hard to understand. The only reasons I could find for the change were that it took less bread and less time. The first was probably a joke, though, if so, in very bad taste—and the second is a true nineteenth century objection. We cannot afford to take away any of the reverence which pertains to the Eucharist, in order to save five or ten minutes time. There is too little reverence already in the world, let us keep what of it we can.

In the Roman Catholic church the sacrament is administered by a priest, consecrated and set apart, here by the minister and six layman elders. It is not hard to see which is the more solemn.

NESCIO QVIS.

COLLEGE NEWS.

DR. SMITH.

THE following account of the recent attack upon the missionaries is from a letter by Dr. Smith, dated Oct. 30th, 1891. Dr. Smith was accompanying Mr. MacDougall upon his first trip so far into Honan.

"I heard a few loud voices and saw in the uncertain light the outline of a number of figures standing in the yard and in a large room and quite a crowd standing in the doorway of a little room off the big one. A ray of light falling on one figure showed me a man half naked, and dirty with blood all over his face and neck and at once it dawned upon me that I had come in the middle of an outbreak. About three o'clock in the afternoon a crowd of beggars, no doubt hired for the purpose, came to the front gate howling and crying for money. A few hundred cash were sent out to them, but they had high ideas and demanded more. Quite a crowd of opium wretches and others gathered, and soon the brethren heard a crash and got up to see what was the trouble, and on reaching the door were met by a large mob, headed by three or four half naked men with drawn knives and bloody faces. These men rushed at our brethren and dragged them out to the gate, at the same time making several thrusts with their knives.

Mr. McGillivray had his queue twisted in a very rough manner. The brethren, however, escaped back to the room without any great injury. Three separate attacks were thus made, and in great straits the brethren were forced to promise to give them all the money in the house. Their demand was for 200 strings of cash (about \$80 in gold), and the money on hand at the house amounted to less than \$30 in gold. We arrived on the scene just as the money was about to be handed over. We requested the men who were talking peace to retire while we prayed to our heavenly Father.

Our abrupt arrival seemed to dismay them a little, and this request still more so. We called them in thereafter and handed over the money saying at the same time, that we had a plan to settle this matter. In a very short time they returned with the silver, no doubt because they were afraid. This is undoubtedly the result of the stories that are all over the land. Professional beggars have frequently been a source of annoyance to foreigners. They cut themselves with stones and do many other things to produce effect. This morning the beggars returned and forced their way in at the back of the compound and told that one of the men thus mutilated yesterday had died, and that we were responsible. We managed to get them out without much difficulty, and then we strongly barricaded all the gates. Mr. McGillivray has gone to the city to claim the protection of the officials and we await with anxiety the outcome of the affair."

CONVERSAZIONE.

Our annual *Conversazione* was held on Friday, the 18th of last month, and was a great success, perhaps the best we have yet had. The decoration committee did their work well, and the building never looked better. Our old friend the skeleton, whom we have missed for several years, was again in his place, looking as handsome as life. The "beauty and chivalry" began to arrive shortly before eight, and kept on doing so for over two hours. The following delegates from other colleges were present: Mr. Wilkinson, Wycliffe; Mr. Cooper, Toronto; Mr. Kerr, Victoria, and Mr. Stone, McMaster. The concert programme was excellent, better even than last year. The committee wisely had

the doors shut during each piece, and so insured perfect order. The reciting of Miss Agnes Knox was beyond praise, whether in her comic or pathetic pieces. Her power of throwing herself into the character she is depicting is really marvellous; in great contrast to many so-called "eloquentists" she seeks solely to draw attention to the recitation, not to the reciter. The "Parting of King Arthur and Guinevere," as difficult a piece to recite as there is in the whole of literature, was splendidly done, and those outside the door getting dances missed such a treat as they are not likely to have again for many a long day. Mrs. Scringier Massie, of Toronto, has one of the purest and best trained voices we have ever heard, and the applause of her "Swiss Echo Song" was so great that she was compelled to respond to an encore. While theoretically we are most decidedly down on the encore fiend, we were heartily glad of his presence on this occasion. Nor were the musicians of Kingston a whit behind. Oscar Telgmann gave two most enjoyable violin solos, and Miss Griffith and Mr. Pierce gave great satisfaction by their singing, the one choosing "The Garden of Sleep" and the other "The Angel at the Window." While not as perfectly trained as Mrs. Massie's, Miss Griffith's voice is very sweet and clear, and well worth cultivation. And here let us say that we heartily thank Mr. Robert Harvey for his great kindness in accompanying the singers, a task which, we need hardly say, was excellently performed. The Glee Club, re-organized under the name of "The University Choral Club," and now including the ladies, sang the soldier's choros in "Faust" admirably. It was to have given a second selection, but this, for some reason or other, did not transpire, so Mr. Goltman, a delegate from Bishop's to the medical dinner, who had stayed over, was kind enough to give us a song, "The Skipper," which he rendered admirably.

The concert finished at half-past ten, and the guests were then treated to two most interesting lectures by Professors Marshall and Nicholson. Then came the dancing, which also went off well. While at first the crowd was so great as to make it rather more exciting than pleasant, after twelve the room became clearer, and for the next hour and a half the most fastidious waltzer could not de-

sire a better floor. By two o'clock all had gone, well pleased with their evening, and John was at last at liberty to turn out the gas.

COLLEGE CELEBRITIES. No. 2.

This specimen is an inhabitant of Divinity Hall, and is therefore marked by that seedy flash air which its atmosphere invariably imparts. The name of the place which claims the distinction of having originally produced him we know not, but he came to us from somewhere in the land of blue noses and ribbons. His most prominent mental characteristics are a moustache of a livid yellow, a bland but obtrusive—let us say—knowledge of his great merits, and a copious sense of his own dignity. It is an inspiring and beautiful sight to view the stately scorn with which he gazes on his misguided brethren who daily struggle at the door of the Apologetics room, a scorn only equalled by his disdain of those who squander in song the five minutes between classes. The only time we ever saw him ruffled was on one occasion, when some misguided being tried to do violence to his dignified hair, and even then his wrath was decorous and majestic. His abilities are, we believe, great—for Divinity Hall—and in the line of oratory few surpass him, though on the only occasion on which we heard him, we rejoiced greatly that the man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job, was not present to hear his own story told, for if he had been he might have cursed his natal day, and in so doing departed this life. On account of his second quality, our hero possesses a desire to give pointers to his professors, but as it is done solely with a desire for their good, we are sure they don't mind. We know not his motto, but are inclined to think it must be: "Surely we are the people, and wisdom will die with us." On mature consideration, however, we feel it our duty to recommend his changing it—in a dignified and seemly manner, of course—and taking instead:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

On Dec. 30th, Prof. W. Nicol, of the Science Hall, was married to Miss Forbes, of Guelph. R. J. McKelvey, '90, acted as best man. We extend our heartiest congratulations.

COLLEGE NOTES.

W. Raney, '94, has returned to prosecute his studies.

The Freshmen have added quite a number to their class this term, among them J. Good-fellow, who took the highest stand at the Matriculation Exam. last fall, securing the Gunn Scholarship.

A number of new wardrobes have been fixed up during the vacation. The wardrobes have proved a decided success in every way.

Geo. Lowe, '93, has been stationed at Mid-dleville and will not attend this term.

Mr. J. Brown, also, has dropped out. He is engaged in teaching at Forester's Falls.

D. C. Porteous, '91, is back among us again. He will study medicine.

Dan Strachan, '89, has returned for the spring term. Divinity Hall is very much brighter.

Wm. Nicol, M.A., and J. Marshall, M.A., of our University staff, are associate examiners for the Ontario leaving examinations.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR CLARK, of Trinity, the author of Savonarola and other well-known works, has kindly consented to lecture in Convocation Hall, Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, to the professors, students and friends of Queen's on "The Student's Work." Out of respect to the lecturer no charge will be made for admission.

Harry Farrell, M.A., '89, has been appointed Head Master of Warton H. S.

D. M. McIntyre, B.A. 1874, Prince of Wales prizeman, has been elected Mayor of Kingston. He has already intimated his intention of giving the usual Mayor's scholarship of \$50. Aldermen Herald, Ryan and Skinner are also graduates of Queen's.

J. M. McLean, B.A., who graduated in theology last spring, has, as we expected, taken the earliest possible opportunity of getting married. The lucky young lady was Miss Violet Robertson, of Port Hope, formerly of Kingston. With his usual good taste Mac sent us a sample of the wedding cake, which proved excellent. He has our best wishes.

The Rev. Herbert E. Horsey, M.A., of Abbotsford, Que., spent a few days in Kingston lately.

We are glad to see W. R. Stuart, '91, of Buckingham, Que., in Kingston during the holidays, and also Mr. E. J. Corkhill, of Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

Dr. Clancy, an old graduate of the Royal, has a lucrative practice in Port Huron.

R. Whiteman, B.A., a recent graduate in Divinity, is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Port Perry.

We have learned with much sorrow of the death of a late fellow student, Mr. W. J. Hayes, '90. After finishing his Arts course at Queen's, he entered Drew Theological Seminary, where, before his illness, he was a student in second year Theology. He was compelled to give up his studies last December, and was removed to the hospital in Orange, N.Y., where he died on the evening of January 2nd.

Some of the long lost have been heard from. We are reliably informed that W. O. Wallace, formerly of '90, has finished his course at McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, is married and settled in southern Illinois.

DE NOBIS.

I RESOLVE as follows: Not to attend the rink this year—at least not more than twice a day.—[McD—ll.

During the coming year to conduct myself from day to day in a manner consistent with my intention of playing on the first team next year.—[W. B-k-r.

To see so beautiful a girl in such trouble has a very depressing effect.—[T. B. Sc-t, at Faust.

Marriage is a great question, but I fear the time between graduation and such bliss is for me to be represented by the unknown quantity x.—[J. C-t-n-h.

Some good scholars are deficient in quantity.—[Prof. Nicholson, in Junior Latin Class.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Students—To pay their subscription to the JOURNAL at once.

Prof. Cappon—To be in time for class.

H. R. Grant—To spend Xmas holidays in Kingston, because the air here is so bracing, you know.

R. C. McNab—Not to study immoderately.

Business Manager—To make out receipts quicker and neater than ever.

J. B. Cochrane—To give someone else a chance to move adjournments.

Science Hall, 1.55 p.m. Enter a Student solo.
Student sadly :—

It was not always thus ! There was a time,
A gracious time, in happy years ago,
When English was a pastime : when to class
The jolly Freshmen trooped, nor deigned to note
The rhymes and rhythms of old yugon charts,
Whose memories were larded with their bones.
But now, woe's me ! This call for keen analysis,
In strict four columns of the blankest kind,
This rousing goad Dan Chancer from his bed
Where sweet, smale grass had hidden him,
This sifting Shakespear so familiar,—

Enter a chorus of students, who break in ruthlessly,

There'll be no English there !
There'll be no English there !
In the time to come
We'll make things hum,
For there'll be no English there !

(Vociferous and prolonged applause from themselves, in the midst of which enter a troop of meek maidens modestly.)

Chorus, joyfully.)

Hop along, Sister Mary, hop along !
Hop along, Sister Mary, hop along !
If it would never leave to go
To the front, front row,
If you'd only hop along, hop along !

Comparative silence for a time, then a tuncful Theolog. breaks out (not sure of the exact words.)

When I was a Freshman so jolly,
I never was courted at all,
I used to make eyes at my Polly,
And long for Divinity Hall.

Grand Chorus (slightly tremolo at first, but crescendo at close).

Ti ural, li ural, li adle,
Ti ural, li ural, li a, etc.

And now that I'm cured of all folly,
I've climbed to the top of the tree,
But only to find that my Polly
Thinks more of a Freshman than me !

Chorus, as before (in the midst of which Prof. enters.

Five minutes later—sadly, from fourth back bench :—

How'd' you do, "Dear Duff" 'ie ? How'd' you do ?
Where were you, "Dear Duff" 'ie ? How'd' you do ?
(But no one seemed to know,
So the whole long row
Got marked with a great, big Q.)

One minute later—Prof., sternly,—

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and some long drawn sighs
Shall fill the space of Convocation Hall,
When that the fateful papers circling round,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
Yea, then the confident and over-lusty ones,
Who the low-rated English had despised,
No longer dreaming in their seats, shall groan to see
How different knowledge can from ignorance be.

1.05 p.m. Chorus of some few, sadly :—

Alas for the songs of the good old days !
(Too much *prose* in this modern plan.)
It is not, "Hop along, Sister Mary !" any more,
But, "Come down to the front, young man !"

Hear the little College bells,
Nathan's bells !
What a host of lectures their melody foretells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Every hour of the day !
While the students who are scattered
'Round the halls, in gowns so tattered,
Hustle every one his way—
Keeping time, time, time,
To this very silly rhyme,
'Hop along, sister Mary,' that so very loudly
wells,
Mid the yells, yells, yells, yells,
And the bells,
Mid the tramping, plus the tinkling of the bells.
—[A. Poet].

Public opinion lays the following at the door of the Divinity, who, according to "Oily," lately got married. If the conjecture is a true one, we can only say : *Quantum ab illo mutatur.*

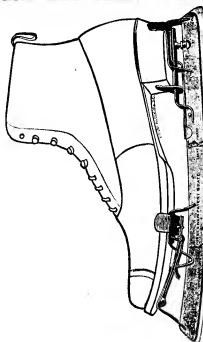
Before.

She is so sweet, so true, so fair,
She lives in other, purer, air ;
How can such an angel she
Look so lovingly on me ?

Ah, that day in June !

After.

Now, why in thunder did I choose
To tie myself to such a spouse ?
Fairly threw myself away !
Grant, ye Gods, the joyful day
(Of release comes soon !



SIDE VIEW ATTACHED TO BOOT.

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